

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN.
Author of "Aster Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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generally do my lecturin' to the gang in a roundabout way," re- Kenner. "I always tell 'em the ment I used to do an' make 'em like I'm one of 'em, an' then end y' showin' 'em whar I was wrong. Ioin' to try to talk Bob out o' this y' his."

found the young grocer in the of his store, with his coat off, dis- a negro porter who was stack- car load of flour in bags against 'ello."

"How's busi- today?" "Well, it's a fair age; we are goin' to have a rush row. Did you see all them paper, full o' coffee and sugar on the er as you come in? That's to the boys time in weighin' up, out there"—to the porter—"didn't you to stack 'em straight?"

ner and George sat down at the and Bob drew up an empty can- and sat on it. The negro fin- his work and went to the front. y' here, Bob," said Kenner, with luctive smile, "I've been bankin' ou, my boy, an' scotchlin' fer you, you are gittin' old enough to sorter vore devylment. I've been hearin' t the way you are a-carryin' on that little Louisville gal, an' I hat-

a, never mind that, Mr. Kenner," put his broad, red hand over his h and laughed. "I know what I'm e. Don't you bother about me." t never will do, Bob—mind what y' replied the cotton buyer. "I've started out beautifully; you wonder an', I may say, the of the town, but if the like o' get's out yore ratin' will drop like euce."

tell you I know what I'm about," Bob, "an' I don't want no med- He was quite serious and his had clouded over. Fearing he had too hasty, Kenner took a new

was a powerful devil when I was ang chap," he said to George more to the man at whom he was king. "In my day an' time thar actually the wust set o' young in this town that ever lived. I t'mt inclined to go into mis- but them boys jest made me, plumb foolishness to try to lay rules fer other folks to live by, ut how silly all that was though, an' I like to try to influence young ys to steer clear o' the holes I fell

that's the way with all o' y' dern- ed codgers," Bob said, now in a ighly good humor. "You have he fun, an' when it's over you se yourselves by tryin' to keep oungeer generation from doin' the e thing."

at it must be in moderation, my said Kenner seriously, "and that boardin' school gal is still in short sea. You've got a future before Bob, and are making a bully. Don't do anything to give the nan a chance to throw it up to us we was wrong in standin' up fer

h avoided Kenner's serious stare. e got up a new scheme," he went vatively. "I'm going to fill up a wagon full of groceries and go y up in the mountains with a lot atchy handbills. I intend to take some of the goods to show that are the right sort, and I'll set and eat with the people and k jokes and make friends like a lldate fer office. I'll bet you e it pay. I'm going to start some this way that are now buyin' the other side of the mountains."

a bang-up idea," said Kenner ad- ngly. "I've been up thar a good myself, an' better folks never e."

CHAPTER XVI.

RS. CRANSTON availed herself of the first opportunity to speak confidentially to Kitty Cosby about Lydia and George Buck- after Miss Cosby's arrival from gnia.

you remember, I wrote you I had ething particular to tell you. Kit- she remarked on the first after- as she and the guest were stroll- on the lawn together. And you bet you roused my curios- Mrs. Cranston," replied the girl, o was quite pretty, decidedly styl- and tall and graceful, having brown e and hazel eyes that seemed con- tly laughing. "I know it's about fia."

rs. Cranston led her into a summer se near the carriage drive. It had compartments and entrances from erent walks. Before answering, s. Cranston peered cautiously ough the wooden latticework that arated the two rooms. "What are you doing?" Miss Cosby ed.

was looking to see if anybody was the other side," was the answer, in satisfied tone, as Mrs. Cranston seat- herself. "We had a lot of trouble e in the summer at a lawn party, ing to some people hearing them- selves talked about. There was a oay pair on that side and a couple o' maids on this one. The lovers were ssfully silent, for reasons of their n, and they heard some things about nelves that they didn't like. Yes, want to talk to you about Lydia." I knew it," cried the visitor, laying

her two hands on Mrs. Cranston's arm and sitting down beside her. "She's going to marry the governor, and you want me to help prepare for the event."

Mrs. Cranston shook her head and went on with a lengthy explanation of the existing state of affairs, in which the name of George Buckley appeared as often as that of Governor Telfare.

"Now, you see the fix we are in," Mrs. Cranston ended.

The young lady was silent, her fair brow wrinkled. "Why, Mrs. Cranston, it's simply awful!" she said after a pause. "It will never do for it to go on like this. It will be ruinous. Has the child lost her reason? Why, if he is as bad as you say, how on earth does he happen to be in—in good society—even here?"

"Perhaps I am not quite fair to him," Mrs. Cranston admitted, "or to Lydia either, in not mentioning what has really been in his favor. In the first place, he is by far the best educated and most refined young man in the place; his employer sent him off to college and gave him extraordinary advantages; then he happens to be a great reader, and Lydia is, too, you know—yes, he has most remarkably polished manners and is decidedly good looking."

"Oh, and you put that last! How ridiculous!" Miss Cosby laughed merrily and then suddenly subsided, for her hostess was looking at her with a pained expression.

"It's no laughing matter, Kitty. We are in an awful fix. You know how headstrong Lydia is, and if she were just to get the idea that we were opposing her she'd be worse than ever. So I knew your influence would be good. You will bring her back to the old associations, and in an indirect way you can show her the social advantages of marrying Governor Telfare."

"Oh, I can do all that," said Kitty, "and if she is not already in love with this nondescript I'll bring her to her senses. But tell me about him—that's the main thing. What's he like? How does he conduct himself? Why, I can't imagine a son of a common thief, a lowborn mountaineer, a penniless bookkeeper, being even for a minute on a social footing with the only child of Major Cranston—even if you are living in the backwoods, out of all creation. If the two were shipwrecked on a lonely island together I should think—Kitty was displaying her fine, even teeth in a jovial smile—"that the very waves would throw up a sort of barrier."

"The religious element here governs everything," returned Mrs. Cranston, with a patient smile. "These good, Christian people would think we were awfully stuck up if we refused to admit a worthy young man to our house just because his father had gone wrong; besides, he had established himself before his father's trouble. We simply drifted into the situation, and things went on till now we don't know where we stand. But to be perfectly fair to him, Kitty, he's simply a masculine marvel. When I began to fear him I began to watch for vulnerable places in his makeup, but I've found precious few. I tell you—precious few. You know I've seen good society, if any Virginia woman has, and I'm going to tell you that I have never met a more polished man in all my life—no, sir, not in Richmond, nor Boston, nor Charleston. He has actually made me bluish with shame. I remember once I disputed his word about one of Balzac's heroes, only to have him prove that I was wrong a few minutes later in the nicest manner."

"He happened to be dining here, too, one night when Bishop Page stopped over with us on his way to Florida. There were several young men present, among them Tarpley Dandridge, who belongs to one of the very oldest families in Georgia and is considered the catch of the county. Well, he sat there like a stick in the cushion of his chair and let Mr. Buckley conduct the entire conversation with the bishop. In fact, Bishop Page simply directed most of his remarks to Mr. Buckley, and it really was an intellectual treat. He tripped the bishop up twice, and the old man flushed, but laughingly admitted he was wrong. He was most favorably impressed with Mr. Buckley, and, of course, I did not enter into awkward explanations. Yes, his manners could not be improved. He must have associated with refined people when he was off at college. I shall always say that the surest sign of a gentleman is for him to put his elbows on the dinner table without seeming to do it. I don't say Mr. Buckley puts his on, but he doesn't sit up like a post and not know what to do with his hands, as some men do. He acts, even on occasions like that dinner, as if such things were an everyday affair. The maid, in passing around the table, awkwardly touched his elbow just as he was about to drink from his glass of claret and shook some of the wine out on my best cloth. Now, I once saw the same thing happen to a man in Richmond, and he promptly laid the blame where it belonged, to acquit himself of appearing awkward, but Mr. Buckley treated it with superb indifference. He was telling some story, and he did not even pause, but, taking a salt cellar, he poured some of the salt on the spot, and as he continued to talk he kept rubbing it in as if he hardly knew what he was doing. The salt saved the cloth from a bad stain, and it was all done as a prince might have done it."

"You know the negroes can never forgive the poor whites for rising into prominence, and Milly, when she was clearing away the things from the table that evening, called to me. 'Come here, Miss Amy,' she said, with a sneer; 'everybody done lef' deir napkins on de table 'cept dat po' white trash, en he lef' his in his chair.' Of course it was a little thing and has no weight one way or another; but, do you know, the next month when I was back in Rich-

mond, and your aunt Tilly had that young English lord to dinner, I watched everything he did and noticed that he dropped his napkin in his chair when he left the table. I have since learned that it is quite customary over there. We don't do it, you know, but really they would look nicer in the chairs than a lot of linen wads stuck about among the finger bowls and salad dishes. They would be less suggestive of the lavatory of a crowded sleeping car early in the morning."

Kitty Cosby drew a full breath when Mrs. Cranston paused.

"And on top of all that you say he's good looking," she said, with a pretty smile. "Well, I'll tell you, you'd better send me back to Richmond. My folks have certain vague matrimonial plans for me, and I don't know whether I'm safe here or not. I always did love to kick over the traces."

"Oh, do be sensible, Kitty."

"Well, you certainly have got trouble ahead," said the girl, more seriously. "Lydia would hate to cause discord in the family, I know, but nine girls out of ten would fall dead in love with that sort of man under those circumstances, and they would want to stick to him too."

"Oh, Kitty, how could we—how could we possibly write back that our only child was to marry a man like that? What would the Parsons, the Woodburys, the Delmars, think? And Aunt Hallie, who at once gets the particulars, and if the name were not down in Bishop Meade's 'Old Families and Churches' she'd have a fit. It won't do, Kitty; it won't do. Something has got to be done."

"Yes, but what?" said the girl. "You can count on me. I'll earn my board while I'm here if I possibly can. How does Governor Telfare like his rival?"

"He's simply crazy, Kitty. He is just at the age to want to do things in a hurry too. Folks say he never cared for his dead wife, and I suppose this is really his first love affair. He confided in me and said he simply could not bear a refusal. Then, just as I have explained to you, I told him what we feared in regard to Lydia's sympathy—I called it that—for George Buckley and advised him to handle her cautiously. He turned as white as a sheet, and his proud, thin lip curled like an angry dog's."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Cranston," he said, "that I have a rival in that man, the son of a Georgia convict—I, the only living Telfare in the line—I, who have been honored by my state as the Telfares before me have been honored? Am I to meet on equal ground, under the roof of the most aristocratic family of the Old Dominion, a man of that rank?"

"I was awfully frightened over his manner, but I simply held to the ground that Lydia had a good heart and was loyal to her unfortunate friends, and that if he wanted to lose her by being imprudent and rousing her anger I should feel that I had given him due warning. He cooled down a little, and my talk didn't do the cause a bit of harm, for he simply dogged Lydia's footsteps all the rest of his visit, and when he went back to Atlanta he sent her fully \$50 worth of roses. The major says I ought never to have mentioned George Buckley's name to him—that Governor Telfare is a most dangerous man, with a violent temper. He says he'd actually be afraid to have the two men meet here, but I wouldn't. Buckley is a brave man, I've no doubt, but I'd venture anything that he'd control himself under any circumstances."

When the two ladies had gone back to the house and parted in the big hall Miss Cosby turned into the parlor, where our heroine sat at the piano, idly running her hands over the keys. "I declare, you are a lucky girl, Lydia," said Kitty.

"To have you with me, dear, in this quiet place!" smiled Lydia, looking up. "No." The visitor bent over the speaker. "Guess again."

"I'm not good at guessing. It's tiresome, like playing whist when one is out of practice."

"Lydia, every girl in our set simply went wild when we heard about the marked attentions you were receiving from Governor Telfare. You know there are piles and piles of marriageable girls in the south and very, very few young, unyoked governors."

"That's quite true," said Lydia, with a noncommittal smile.

"It would be nice, dear," went on Kitty, "to be the mistress of that mansion in Atlanta and preside at every function of state in the town. That's about the nearest approach we make



Idly running her hands over the keys.

to royalty, you know. Goodness knows, if I had the money I'd buy me an earl."

Lydia bowed her head over the keys and laughed merrily. "It wouldn't be bad, would it—the Atlanta house, I mean?"

"I should say not." Miss Cosby was trying to probe the laugh.

"Look here, Kitty," Lydia said, suddenly rising and laying her hands on Miss Cosby's shoulders and pressing them down firmly. "Take my advice and turn in and have a good time while you are here and don't waste a minute fooling with mamma's plots. She's as transparent as a pane of glass, and so are you, darling. Transparency is contagious. You used to be harder to see through."

"The idea!" Miss Cosby said. "Why, Lydia, you silly goose!" But she seemed unable to defend herself against the implied charge and could only repeat, "The idea of such a thing!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE morning about the 1st of December George was alone in the office. He had just finished writing some letters when Jeff Truitt came in and stood near the stove. He was a slender young man, under twenty-five, short and frail looking. His clothing was ragged and his sandy hair unkempt. Buckley looked at him and smiled. "Been getting yourself into no end of rows over home," he remarked. "My mother tells me they sent you a death's head the other night, and your father said somebody shot at you in the field."

"That's all so, George," said Truitt gloomily. "I reckon I've been shootin' off my mouth a little too much."

"I really thought you had more sense than to report that desperate gang over there for moonshining," said George in a kindly tone.

"Wouldn't 'a' done it ef I'd been sober," replied Truitt. "They made me mad when I was full, an' I done 'em all the harm I could."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Jeff?"

"That's what I come to ax you, George. Ma and pa are mighty nigh crazy about it, an' I give 'em my word I'd come an' ax yore advice. By gum, they think they'll go to you when they die! Ef you was me would you go back over thar today, George? I—I got another warnin' last night; in fact, six or eight of 'em was scattered all about the place. I say warnin', but I reckon they was wuss than that; they was to pa an' ma an' said ef they ketched me they wouldn't do a thing to me."

"Well, there's some consolation in that," said George dryly. "You know I ain't afraid o' any reasonable number o' men," said Truitt in his whining voice, "but when a whole regiment of 'em comes to drink a feller's blood I jest git rattled an' want to make tracks. Ef I had my way, though, I'd go back home an' defy 'em, but ma's mighty nigh crazy."

"No; you'd better stay in town today anyway, Jeff," said Buckley after a moment's reflection. "Go up to the Johnston House and get your breakfast—take all your meals there while you are in town—I've got an account there; tell them to charge it to me. Stay in town tonight anyway. I'll see you to-morrow. I'm very busy today. Do you think the gang would dare follow you here?"

"They might, George. They raised a rumpus here about a year ago, you know—whippin' niggers in Nigger-town."

Later in the morning Buckley met the town marshal, Joe Bates, on the street. The officer wore a broad brimmed hat, a dark blue suit of clothes with brass buttons and carried a policeman's club strapped to his wrist. George gravely explained the situation to him, but the officer refused to concern himself in the matter.

"Look y' here, George Buckley," he said. "Do you reckon I'm paid measly town wages to do both town and county work? Ef the sheriff can't keep down them riots over thar in the mountains, I can't. Fer \$30 a month I'm expected to do police duty in daytime, watchman at night an' act as coroner on special occasions. Besides, Jeff Truitt's gettin' entirely too numerous. Every time he gets full he wants to scratch some o' them daredevils' eyes out. He's a funny chap. They say when he's drunk he'd fight a swarm o' wildcats, but when he's sober he'd scare at the sight of a baby pogram, an', on top o' that, when he sobers up he's so stubborn he'd die fore he would apologize fer what he's done. What you goin' to do with a man like that? He's no ornament to the community."

"Well, I only thought I'd let you know the situation," George smiled as he walked on. "All I want to do is to save the fellow's neck."

George saw no more of Jeff Truitt that day. He had some important calculations to make in connection with the sale of certain large quantities of cotton to mills in the east, and he was closely occupied in his office till past midnight. When he had finished he went to the front door of the warehouse to get a breath of fresh air before retiring. He did not feel sleepy. Such work as he had been doing usually had a contrary effect on him. Suddenly he heard a shout up the street in the direction of the Johnston House, a revolver was fired, and a gruff voice cried out, "Thar he goes, boys!"

This was followed by a clatter of many feet on the brick sidewalk, a storm of furious ejaculations and stifled oaths, and then a dark human billow rushed down the street in Buckley's direction. It was a mob pursuing Jeff Truitt.

Hardly knowing why he did it, George ran into his office and secured his big revolver from the drawer of his desk and turned back quickly to the door. He was just in time, for the mob, numbering fifty or more, was not ten yards away. Panting and almost

out of breath, Jeff Truitt came bounding along ahead of them and just out of their grasp. He was making for the warehouse with the instinct that there, and there alone, lay some chance for escape. He gasped out something to George and darted past him into the warehouse.

"Halt!" George thundered, his revolver leveled at the man in the lead. "Halt or I'll blow your brains out!" The man fell back against those behind him, and the surging mass came to a sudden pause.

"Heigh! What's this?" panted a man in the rear. "What's this?"

"It's me," said Buckley calmly. "That boy has come to me for protection, and he shall have it if I have to shoot six of you in your tracks!"

"Oh, thunder! Come off!" sneered a man in the front. "Git out o' the door, Buckley, or we'll mash you flatterin' a flitter."

"The first man that tries to pass this step dies as sure as God's in heaven!"

There was a swerving back from the weapon in Buckley's steady hand. Silence fell—a threatening silence. The coking of a revolver somewhere in the crowd sounded clearly.

"That's right, shoot at me, you dirty coward," said Buckley defiantly. "Here I stand in the light, and I can't pick you out in the dark. Shoot, you cowardly sneak!"

"Put that gun down," cried a determined voice in the throng. "You harm George Buckley an' I'll put daylight through you."

There was a sound of a struggle, stifled oaths and the clash of a revolver as it struck the pavement. It was followed by grumbling words, hot disputing and—silence.

"You are a set of cowards," said Buckley, "running like a pack of wolves after a poor boy for what he said and did when he was drunk. Now, clear out, the last one of you! You know who I am—and you know if there is any one of you, or any three, that want to hold me responsible for this step I'll be on hand. Has any one here any row to pick with Jeff Truitt, then let him speak up. I'll represent him. I'm in a fighting mood tonight and will satisfy just as many as will apply."

"An' he'll do it, too, boys," said an admiring voice. "Buckley's got the right stuff in 'im! Come on, let's go home. George seems friendly to the cuss, an' any friend o' his is safe as far as I'm concerned."

"Same here," joined in another voice. "Buck, you're all right, but that's a dern slack wad yore takin' up fer, as shore as yore knee high to a duck."

"Well, he's my friend, and I'm his mother's friend," said Buckley. "A mob like yours shan't send his corpse home to her if I can help it."

"He'd be about as much use to 'er that a-way as in his natural condition," laughed a man near the front. "But ef she hankers after 'im, an' Buckley wants 'im to live on, I'll withdraw my claim. This is the sort of rabbit hunt I don't much like nohow."

A laugh rose and went round. It was a favorable sign. George lowered his revolver. "Go home, boys," he said wearily. "I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now. You are all my friends; I can see that. Good night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Young Critic.

"Papa," said the pastor's little girl, watching him constructing and revising his Sunday sermon, "does God tell you what to write?" "Yes, my child, God tells me." "Then what do you scratch it out for?"

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TOWN REPORTS

and we will do the rest.

The MONITOR Job department is fully equipped to print town reports satisfactorily.

Gaining Rapidly.

The Boston Journal has been making a remarkable record during the past year. It has gained in circulation every month in 1904 except April and has today 55,000 net circulation.

This means a growth of over 17,000 sales in the brief space of twelve months, and shows how popular the paper has become.

Although sold now everywhere for 1 cent it keeps up all the departments that a 2-cent paper carries, having its usual strong editorial and financial departments, its entertaining dramatic and musical department and a whole page devoted to women and women's affairs, and edited by the best women's editors of New England.

Its sporting department is regarded as remarkably good, and even those who take other papers find that they turn to The Journal for the comments and news that its columns carry on the sports of the day.

This growth in circulation has been accompanied by a big growth in advertising, so that today The Boston Journal carries the advertising of all the large stores in Boston.

A Lawyer Accused.

Colby Stoddard, a Barton Landing lawyer, whose advertisement for the collection of overdue accounts, bills, notes, etc., appeared in the last issue of the MONITOR, has been accused of being unprofessional. The only charge against him is that he advertises his business in the local papers. His own answer to this accusation is as follows:

"If it is wrong for me to advertise my business, then I will plead guilty. One branch of my business consists of the general practice of law. The other is making collections of overdue bills, notes and accounts. The first I do not advertise. I lay no claim to fame because of my legal ability. I ask no man to trust his litigation to me. A general law practice requires much wisdom and dignity, and advertising might show a lack of the required amount of dignity. In the collection business however dignity is not of so much importance. I have found that ginger is better for collection purposes than dignity. It pays larger dividends and gives better satisfaction to my clients."

"There is no good reason why I should not inform the readers of this paper that I am willing and able to make their collections for them. The churches advertise their Sunday services; banks advertise their ability to invest your money; schools and colleges advertise their ability to teach your children; doctors split their practice and advertise their specialty and even lecturers advertise their ability to instruct and entertain, and yet no one questions their ability or dignity. Now I have spent eight years of the best part of my life and \$1000 in cash to fit myself for my work and it does not hurt my conscience to tell the people of Orleans county that I am now at their service in making collections of overdue accounts, and furthermore I will guarantee perfect satisfaction both in the manner of my service and in the amount of my charges and if I do not succeed in making your collection I will make you no charge whatever. Why should not so fair an offer be communicated to the public?"

Now what I have said of myself is equally true of several other young lawyers in Orleans county. I am only one of the several. I would have you bear in mind however that I have had excellent success in making collections. The only reason why I should have your collection business is that I have asked you for it and have promised to guarantee satisfaction both in services and charges. Let me make your collections and you may be the sole auditor of my charges.

COLBY STODDARD,
Attorney at Law
Barton Landing, Vt., Jan. 16, 1905.

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on sale at the Monitor office.